

MADE BIG HAULS.

Four Men Who Sinned and Were Punished for it.

THEIR INTENTIONS WERE GOOD.

Love of Family Drove Robinson to Crime and Love of Learning Was Cummings' Excuse—Bailey's Desperate Darling.

Copyright by American Press Association.] There is always something new in crime. Originality of conception appears often in the works of the sinner than it does in the works of the novelist. But there is always something old, too—the moral. No



CHARLES W. ROBINSON.

crime has ever been committed in the story of which a warning has not been proclaimed. And in four instances has the warning been more plainly written than in the four cases of which outlines are given below.

Two of these crimes were committed by men who had shown many evidences of good intentions. Even their wickedness was the outgrowth of ambitions which were in themselves praiseworthy.

The desire which goaded Charles W. Robinson, of Brockton, Mass., to crime was apparently to give his wife and children a pleasant home and make their lives easy ones. He did not scribble the false signatures which were the means of his undoing in vulgar anxiety to gain money without labor, for he was a phenomenally hard worker.

He was clerk of the municipal court in Brockton and owner and manager of a stock exchange. He was a member of a prominent church and a regular attendant. He was a kind husband and father, and an extremely charitable man. No one ever appealed to him for aid and was refused. No one ever heard him utter a cross word. He had no bad habits. He was a general favorite with everybody, yet he betrayed his friends, defrauded his business associates and fled. His forgeries are too numerous for enumeration here. They aggregate more than \$100,000.

He opened the truck exchange in Brockton in 1884, managing it for a New York



G. A. CUMMINGS.

firm for two years. Then he assumed control of it himself, and seemed to be making a success of it. In January he took in a partner, Sewall P. Howard. In September another partner, Emerson Goldthwaite, was admitted to the firm. Both are heavy losers.

Since the final crash came it has developed that some of Robinson's forgeries were discovered as long ago as last March, but that his reputation was so good and he begged so hard for forgiveness that his friends still had confidence in him and hushed the matter up. But he did not reform as he had promised. Instead he carried out a series of desperate and cunning crimes that have ended in his ruin. He forged his partners' names to notes of large and small amounts; he forged his father-in-law's name; he forged his friends' names—in fact he forged every name on which he could make money with any chance whatever of temporary security from detection. Finally the crash came. Nothing was left for him but confession and flight.

This confession was made in dramatic circumstances. A clever playboy could turn it to valuable account. Robinson's partners had discovered his villainy. They met him at the office of the stock exchange, which they were operating in association with him. One of them held in his hand a bundle of the notes which Robinson



CHARLES E. BAILEY.

had forged. He laid them down on the table one by one, as if he were dealing cards. As each one was pulled off the pack he said to Robinson, "Did you sign that?" There were no accusations, no reproaches, no angry words—simply a quiet question and the mute paper proofs of the forger's guilt. He turned pale and gasped for breath. Finally he sobbed, "I am very sorry, but I couldn't help it," he said. Later he was confronted with evidences of more of his crimes. In despair he exclaimed: "I did it! I did it! I am one of the blackest scoundrels you ever saw—ten thousand times blacker than you know."

He went home to his wife and told her that it was necessary for him to go to East Sandwich, Mass., to see his father, who was ill. He did not return, and the forsaken wife sought refuge from pitying glances and gossiping tongues at the home of her parents. The couple had loved each other deeply. No shadow had ever darkened their happy home until the awful announcement was made that the husband was a criminal. And even then, in the face of the confession of his flight, and of the in-

controvertible proofs of his villainy, the faithful wife refused to believe him guilty.

Robinson committed his crimes with "good intentions." But only ruin for him and those who trusted him resulted. "Hell is paved with good intentions."

The motive which G. A. Cummings, who stopped a stage coach and rifled the mail bags which it was carrying near Willets, Cal., made an excuse for his crime has seldom been advanced by a criminal. Cummings is a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and was very ambitious. He had received a thorough education as he could get in the common schools, but was not satisfied. He tried in many ways to earn enough money to enable him to go on with his schooling, but was unsuccessful. Finally he decided to accomplish his purpose at all hazards.

He went to San Francisco and bought a revolver and a mask. Then he made his way to Willets. Early one Monday morning, before the sun had risen, he stole out of the hotel where he had passed the night and walked down the road for four or five miles. Concealing himself in the underbrush he waited for the stage. When it rolled into sight he drew his revolver, frightened into submission the driver (who was the only person on the vehicle) and obtained cash and securities amounting to about \$12,000.

Cummings was soon captured and turned over to the United States authorities. The penalty for any one who robs

the mails and places the life of the driver of the mail coach in jeopardy is placed at imprisonment for life. The spoils which he obtained have not been found.

Serving a term in a Dakota prison is a man who exhibited all the "nerve" and daring of a professional desperado in a train robbery which he engineered a few months ago. He secured his booty and escaped for a time, but was finally captured after being chased across country for 300 miles by a United States postoffice inspector.

The convict's name is Charles E. Bailey. In June of the present year he boarded a Northern Pacific passenger train at New Salem, N. D. With the aid of a confederate he uncoupled the postal car, express car and engine from the rest of the train, and forced the engineer at the point of a revolver to pull out of the station for a short distance. Then, while his pal kept watch of the fireman, he put a pick ax into the hands of the engineer and ordered him to break in the door of the express car. The express agent, however, heard the din, knew what was in the wind, locked all the valuables in the safe and escaped. The robbers next turned their attention to the mail car.

Here they again called their revolvers into play and compelled the clerk to open all the registered mail and pass over the contents. It is said that they obtained \$11,000 in cash and checks. Then they marched the engineer half a mile down the track, faced him about and ordered him to return to his train without turning his head. While he was obeying their commands they rode away into the night. Bailey was captured, convicted and sentenced as told above. His captor was William Watkins, Jr., one of the youngest, pluckiest and most successful inspectors in the service of the postoffice department. Bailey will have eight years of prison life in which to repent and point the great moral which reads, "Crime does not pay."

Still another startling warning is found in the case of William H. Schreiber, who now wears convict's stripes in the Jeffersonville (Ind.) jail. Schreiber absconded with \$138,000 from the First National bank of Columbus, Ind., and escaped to Canada. For a time he succeeded in concealing his identity, and was a lion in Canadian society. But like all the others he was soon found out and given the disgrace which he had earned. He was sentenced to twenty years' confinement.

Smuggled Chinamen Captured.
The United States must be the land of promise, the Eldorado of the Chinese, judging by the persistence with which they try to evade the restriction laws and secure a foothold on the soil of the republic. Here is a sample case: The other day Customs Inspector Jacklin and William and Mark Woodley, who were cruising about in a steam launch, sighted a suspicious sloop near Port Hadlock, Wash., and bore down upon her. The sloop was 500 yards ahead, and as soon as it touched the land two white men jumped ashore and ran into the woods. The Woodley boys spent an hour looking for them without success, while Jacklin boarded the sloop and found twenty Chinese lying in the hold. They were packed away like sardines, and it is a mystery how they were put in the little craft, which is less than four tons burden.

Wong Sing seemed to have charge of the party, and offered the customs officials \$300 to let them land safely. They were taken to Port Townsend and searched at the custom house. Wong Sing was the only one who had a certificate allowing him to return to British Columbia. About sixteen of them came over from China on the last trip of the steamship Mon-Kin to Vancouver, but gave their return certificates to the white men who were bringing them over, and now will be sent back at the expense of the United States.

One of the captured band told an interpreter that they had boarded the sloop at Victoria, and were to pay \$400 apiece to be landed in the United States safely. The money was to be paid in Victoria on presentation of a certificate from Wong Sing that they had arrived all right. Meanwhile the two white men who escaped have the return certificates of the Chinese in their pockets.

WENT DOWN OFF BARNEGAT.

More Than Three Score Lives Lost by a Collision at Sea.

The collision of the Spanish steamer Vizcaya and the American collier Cornelius Hargrave, followed in a few minutes by the sinking of both and loss of many of those on board the steamer, is among the

most appalling of recent disasters at sea. For sudden and complete destruction it has rarely been equalled. From the first shock to the end of all hope was certainly not more than ten minutes. And this calamity took place within full view of Barnegat light on the New Jersey coast, and so near shore that after their sinking

THE COLLISION.

(Sketches from a survivor's description.)

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and dozens of dolla vessels stood well above water, thus offering safety to a few.

The Vizcaya was one of thirty-four vessels belonging to the Spanish Company Transatlantica, an iron steamer of 2,438 tons, 201 feet long and 29 feet in the beam, built at London in 1873. On a clear October afternoon she steamed out of her pier on the Hudson, New York city, and started on her regular trip to the West Indies, with sixteen passengers and a crew of seventy-seven officers and men. Of these every passenger, Capt. Francisco Canil and most of the crew are buried in the ocean, over sixty in all, only about a score having been saved.

The Cornelius Hargrave was a four masted schooner of 1,332 tons, loaded with coal and on her way from Philadelphia to Fall River, Mass. Her owner and captain was J. T. Allen, and he and all of his men were saved.

All the survivors of the Vizcaya tell the same story, and the verdict is only too evident—an error of judgment in the officer on watch caused him to attempt a passage ahead of the collier, though that vessel was almost upon the steamer when first sighted. The next instant the collier's bow struck the steamer amidships and cut her in two, and in five minutes all was over. It was about 7 p. m. The passengers had just finished supper and were still in the main saloon. All was life and gaiety; all were chattering in Spanish, laughing at mutual repartees and rejoicing in their speedy return to the sunny island. A crash—and all were hurled violently to the floor. An instant of silence and horror; then a scream and a rush for the deck.

Capt. Canil bounded to the bridge and began to shout an order, but ere he had finished it the bowsprit of the collier came down upon the bridge, crushing him and all others on it. The bow of the collier was broken completely off, and the coal was seen pouring into the sea. Some of the steamer's crew jumped to the rigging and climbed as she sank. Others cut themselves into the sea with chairs, benches or whatever supporting articles they could seize. For perhaps two minutes a few persons ran wildly up and down the deck. Among them a wealthy Spanish lady, Senora Calvo, was heard crying out and offering all her wealth to any sailor who would save her child. Then the broken vessel went down, and a few very few of the floating ones managed to reach the topmasts, which stood above the water. A minute later the collier sank, and the same scenes were repeated there.

The sufferings of the survivors from cold were great, but all were rescued at daylight, many by the British steamer Hambleton. Some strange, perhaps one might say providential, incidents are recorded. On the Vizcaya's list at the New York agency appear these two entries: Pablo Barrios, seaman on board. N. Perez, seaman on board.

The four words literally mean "remained on earth," that is, failed to embark. Barrios was caught in a blockade on the street and reached the wharf just as the steamer moved out. Perez at the last minute decided to wait for the next steamer. The two did not get away until now returning many thanks for the accidents. Juan Pedro, one of the lost, was reputed to be the richest man in Cuba. The grief in the island is deep and widespread.

HOW BURNS SAVED HIS TRAIN.

The Magnificent Bravery of an Engineer on the Lake Shore Road.

John T. Burns is the name of a gallant and cool headed engineer on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway, who saved the lives of 150 passengers and a remarkable deed of daring. He was in charge of the fast St. Louis express. Next morning, when going at the rate of fifty miles an hour on a down grade, Burns came in sight of a freight wreck lying across the track.

There was no chance to stop and he was not so cowardly as to jump. He pulled her wide open and sent the great train crashing into the obstruction like a giant cannon ball. The express went through the debris with a mighty crash and kept the rails. Then Burns, bleeding from a dozen wounds, reversed the engine and put on the brakes. The sides had been torn from three coaches, but only one passenger received serious injuries. The escape is considered the most wonderful on record. Burns is 45 years of age and for twenty-three years has run a locomotive on the Lake Shore.

Stoned for Failing to Fly.

The latest essay with a flying machine has failed. It was made the other day near Denver by W. J. Spaulding, an old man who is known as the "human bird of Colorado." Five thousand people assembled to see him take wing, and to witness their disappointment at his inability to leave the ground they began to throw stones. For a while it looked like a riot, and a middle-aged deputy Sheriff B. E. Shell just above the eye, from which gushed a stream of blood. Some of the crowd were doubtless much more cowardly in their action by the beer which had been imbibed. The only time "Father Time," as some were wont to call him, flew was when the mob set upon him with stones, when he fairly sailed through the door, but the wings did not aid him in his rapid race for shelter. Mr. Spaulding is not discouraged, as he attributes the failure to make the trial to the people who managed the affair. He will take his wings back to Rosita, and after repairing them will make a trial where he will not be compelled to face a howling mob and a volley of stones.

Science Reluctant.

Concerning those who, although able, are unwilling to take the trouble to write for their readers or speak for their hearers, a somewhat more extended comment may be desirable. It is always difficult to make a just analysis of motives, but there can be little doubt that some of these are influenced by a desire to imitate the rare genius whose intellectual advances are so rapid and so powerful as to forbid all efforts to secure a clear and simple presentation of results. The king is lame and the courtier must limp. With others there is a strange and unwholesome prejudice against making science intelligible, for fear that science may become popular. It is forgotten that clear and accurate thinking is generally accompanied by the power of clear, concise and accurate expression, and that as a matter of fact the two are almost inseparable.

The apparent success before the people of the dilettante and the charlatan has resulted, in the case of many good and able men, in a positive aversion to popular approval. It should never be forgotten that the judgment and taste of the public in matters relating to science are just as susceptible of cultivation as in music and the fine arts, and that scientific men owe it to themselves to take that opportunity for this culture is not withheld.—Professor T. C. McDevall in Popular Science.

A Moment of Suspense.

Young Hubbard (meeting his wife on the street)—Horror! Is the baby dead? Young Wife—What nonsense! Of course not. I just this moment left him as well as ever. Why did you think anything had happened?

Young Hubbard (with a gasp of relief)—Why, here I am only two blocks from home and I don't hear him.—Good News.

Dr. Henley's English Dandelion Tonic cures indigestion and constipation and tones up the entire system.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH
FOR BEAUTY OF POLISH, SAVING LABOR, CLEANLINESS, DURABILITY & CHEAPNESS, UNEQUALLED. NO ODOR WHEN HEATED.

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Fashionable

TAILOR,

29 E. First South.

Fall and Winter Goods

Now Arriving.

FILBER & GUFFY

New 5-roomed house, with bath and water, close in. \$1,900

2500 rods on car line, Fifth East. \$4,500

One fourth interest in 75 acres, close to city. \$31,850

500 rods, corner, on car line, with new 5-roomed brick house. \$9,000

100 and 125 rods, on Third East. \$8,000

11 acres, about four miles from postoffice. \$2,500

100 acres, six miles from postoffice, 25 acres. \$100

Lots in all parts of the city and in all additions and subdivisions.

Office Under Deseret National Bank

THE WASATCH

PATENT ROLLER MILLS.

Best Grades of Roller Process Flour.

BRANDS—HIGH PATENT AND STRAIGHT

Grades; all warranted as good as any made in Utah.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for Good Wheat.

Deliveries to the Mills, and values to Salt Lake City.

First South Street.

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J. W. FARRELL & CO.,

Plumbing,

Gas Fitting,

Steam Heating & Ventilating.

THE LEADING PLUMBERS & GAS FITTERS.

Drive Well Pipe a Specialty.

37 Main St., Opp. F. Auerbach & Bro's Store, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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JOHNSON, PRATT AND CO. DRUGGISTS 48

MAIN STREET

FOX & SYMONS,

322 Main St.

Cabinet Photos \$3.00 per doz.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Established 18 Years

W. A. TAYLOR,

Merchant Tailor.

COMPLETE LINE OF

Fall Suitings Just Received

43 and 45 East Second South Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

NOTICE.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCK holders of the Salt Lake Dramatic association will be held at the Salt Lake theatre, Salt Lake City, Utah, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, the 3d day of December, 1890, for the purpose of electing officers and of amending article six (6) of the constitution, by increasing the capital stock of the association from \$10,000 to \$20,000, and of striking out the word "all" before the word "elected," in the last line of said article.

RICHARD W. YOUNG, Secretary.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, November 8, 1890.

ADMINISTRATRIX SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the county of Salt Lake, territory of Utah, made on the eighth day of November, A. D. 1890, in the matter of the estate of Joseph Shaw, deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of said estate, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Friday, the 29th day of November, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the office of S. W. Burke, 66 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Joseph Shaw, at the time of his death, and also all of the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Salt Lake city, Salt Lake county, Utah, territory, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of lot 1, block 1, corner of 1st and 2nd streets of Salt Lake city survey, and running thence east three (3) rods; thence north and parallel with the west side line of said lot seven and one-half (7 1/2) rods more or less to the north line of said lot; thence west three (3) rods; thence south along the west line of said lot seven and one-half (7 1/2) rods more or less to the point of beginning.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Bids must be in writing and left at the office of S. W. Burke, corner of 1st and 2nd streets, Salt Lake city, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Terms and conditions of sale: Ten per cent, of price to accompany the offer; balance of price on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court; Deed at expense of purchaser.

W. N. SHAW, Administratrix of the estate of Joseph Shaw, deceased.

S. W. Burke, attorney for administratrix.

Z. C. M. I.

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ALL STYLES

In the City.

We are still offering the Celebrated Foster

7-Hook Kid Gloves at

\$1.00.

T. G. WEBBER, Superintendent.

WE DON'T PAY CITY TAXES

In our addition. We are One and One-Eighth Miles outside the corporate limits, with all the advantages of those within said limits. Here is a portion of **OUR PLAT.**

PLAT of FOREST DALE

FOREST FARM

all lots not marked are 25 ft. Wide

Complying with the terms of our contract, the

SALT LAKE RAPID TRANSIT COMPY

has completed its track to **FOREST DALE**, and its line is now built right to the heart of our Addition. Arrangements have been made to have the electrical equipment completed as soon as the Sprague company can furnish the necessary apparatus, and before long cars as Elegantly Equipped as any in the west, will enable the people purchasing lots from us to ride to any part of Salt Lake City for 7c

People say real estate is quiet, but we are selling lots nearly every day. Our property speaks for itself. The class we sell to are bona fide residents, who will make desirable neighbors. We do not ask any others to buy. The wise will, if they desire a home in the near future, purchase now and avoid paying the advance sure to follow the running of the electric cars. We guarantee Rapid Transit, First-class Cars, Perfect Title, Abundant Water of First-class Quality, and Easy Terms.

George M. Cannon, 66 Main St., Salt Lake City.

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We have Money to Loan on Good Security. Houses to Rent. Real Estate for Sale. Homes at Prices to Suit all. **LOWEST PRICES** and **EASIEST TERMS.** Parties desiring to Loan Money will do well to consult us. We can loan on first-class security; are well posted on values, and will see to it that security offered on loans made by us has good title and free from other incumbrances.

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